THE

Man of Honour.

Justum & Tenacem Propositi Virum
Non vultus instantis Tyranni
Mente quatit solida.

——si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. HOR.

Facitque servatque beatos.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCXXXVII.

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Man of Honour.

IF Fell Corruption in each Scene appears,
Cheriſh'd by Youth, careſs'd by Men in Years,
From the low Cottage to the Houſe of P——
At C—— extinct all Senſe of Honeſty,
Prieſts as unhallowed as the Laity:
If *Britiſh* Honour, by the Knave and Fool,
Exploded, ſinks a Term of Ridicule:
Pardon this daring Eſſay of the Muſe,
She muſt ſpeak out, Poetick Licence uſe;
A Libertine by Truth alone reſtrain'd,
Paint the High Mighty Wicked of our Land;
Draw Fraud's juſt Pourtrait at full Length to Man,
In the beſt Colours, cleareſt Light ſhe can.
Avaunt, enervating, baſe Flattery,
All Compliment, the Varniſh of a Lye!
When Truth is told, whoſe is the grated Ear?
In *Britain*'s Cauſe who launches out with Fear?

Th' ad-

Th' advent'rous Muſe no Prejudice would know,
Nor wound the Guiltleſs, nor offend the Law.
Long be the Law our Bulwark and Defence,
Diſpens'd by Men of Honour, Men of Senſe;
The Seat of Juſtice long be ſacred held,
A Scourge to Vice, to Virtue a ſtrong Shield.
Should Vice impeach, Virtue has nought to fear,
Where Juſtice runs in pureſt Channels clear.

Tho' Merit does ſome few to P—— advance,
Merit! how rarely an Inheritance?
Their Sons how often ſuch a ſpurious Race,
The Medley of a various lewd Embrace.
Shall Foes to Honour Honour's Titles bear,
Quite chang'd from what the firſt Ennobled were?
Shall the Brib'd B——g, and the Penſion'd D——,
Debaſe their Species, and without Rebuke?
Tools to a Premier, Spaniels to a Throne,
Serve ev'ry Country's Purpoſe but their own? ——
Shall B——s, Slaves to *Mammon*, Temporize?
The Golden Calf ſet up, and Idolize?
On all Occaſions, at a Subject's Nod,
Betray their Country, and deny their God?
Canvaſs, debate, and vote it by COMMAND,
OF REV'REND PENSIONERS A PIOUS BAND!
Are Frauds diſcuſs'd? They put their Negative,
From Fraud they have their Being, move and live:
True Children of this World, wiſe Ways they take,
Above all Morals, for Religion's ſake.
Are theſe known Truths from any *Briton* hid,
And ſhall the Muſe be ſilent?——Heav'n forbid!

In Law this Maxim has prevail'd full long,
That Kings are ſacred, and can do no Wrong;
Sacred as Heaven's immediate Subſtitute,
Hence 'tis inferr'd they ſhould be Abſolute:
From Majeſty then all good Meaſures flow,
Pure uncorrupted Spring——it muſt be ſo.
This ſeems, you'll ſay, to Bigotry inclin'd,
Infallibility to Man aſſign'd!
Whenever Royal Power is abus'd,
(Kings unimpeach'd) their Council are accus'd.
In publick, Kings this Sanction muſt retain,
In private, howe'er fallible as Men.
Thrice happy *Britons!* every Bard may ſing,
Ours is a * *Gracious* and *Religious King!*
Unrivall'd He in ev'ry Boſom reigns,
His Martial Fire for *Britain*'s Peace reſtrains! †
This the Effect of Prudence, not of Fear,
How unlike him his M——s appear?
They truckle to, and fawn on ev'ry State,
Court the Dependent, bribe the Obſtinate,
Miſplace Reſentment, fooliſhly forgive,
Adventures, monſtrous in Romance, atchieve;
Faithleſs Allies they make, invet'rate Foes,
In Negotiation every Point they loſe;
Seek poor Expedients to divert a Storm,
And promiſe what they can't, nor ſhould perform:
Slight real Ills, imaginary, fear,
Dreading the diſtant, blind to Dangers near;
Ideal Phantoms form, themſelves to ſcare.

* See the Liturgy of the Church of *England.* † See the Addreſs of Lords and Commons.

Thus

Thus Boys and Women bug-bear'd, all in Fright,
Miſtake each Shrub a *Dæmon* in the Night.
And half-bred Politicians, to a Man,
In Treaties maz'd, half Maſters of a Plan,
Approving thoſe they never underſtood,
Half wiſe, half mad, half any thing but good.

One Genius for one Province may be fit,
And full enough for any modern Wit:
In the Finances he that ſhews his Art,
May act as *Premier* a moſt wicked Part;
Shrewd in Debates, vers'd in Affairs at Home,
Yet knows not *French Fineſſe*, Cabals at *Rome*.
To gueſs when 'tis proclaim'd, it may be Peace,
And whilſt it laſts, Hoſtilities may ceaſe;
Muſt we be deem'd all *Machiavels* for this?
Granting us wiſe in other Inſtances.
Can our Memorials have their proper Weight,
Long as *N*——— guides the Pen of State,
And Fopling *E*——— does Negotiate?
We ſhew, 'tis fear'd, our Nakedneſs too much,
In ſending *H*——*ce* to o'er-reach the *Dutch*.
Whence ſprung our early Confidence in *Keen*?
His Father is——an ALDERMAN of *Lynn*.
What can we hope from Miniſters like theſe?
Such God or *Baal* never meant to raiſe:
Yet *W*——— and *S*———, to Exceſs,
Theſe Peace-Jobbers ſupport by their Addreſs.
Their Reaſons it muſt ſhock all Senſe to know,
Confuſion! Men of Spirit ſtoop ſo low.

Thus, or from ſome Miſtake, or from Deſign,
Britain, to be betray'd, the Lot is thine.
What Genius's have in thy Land been born,
The Heroe's Contraſt, and the Patriot's Scorn?
This flagrant moſt unhappy Truth we took
From *Wharton*, *Harcourt*, and a *Bollingbroke*.
Either had Heads to ſave this ſinking State,
And make their forlorn Country fortunate.
The former Two are to their Fathers gone,
And matchleſs *Bollingbroke* ſurvives alone.
Oh! *Bollingbroke!* how excellent thy Parts?
How well refin'd by the politer Arts?
To you the Intereſts of all States are known,
Their Arts, their Genius, Taſte, are all your own:
The ſubtle Chain that binds each Nation faſt,
And how ſecure Alliances may laſt:
The Stateſmans's Windings, and the ſecret Springs
Of Councils in the Cabinets of Kings,
You've throughly gain'd; What *Machiavel* has wrote,
You have digeſted, and what *Richlieu* thought.
See him relax'd in Wine his Thoughts unbend,
And with his Wit regale the curious Friend;
With Wit ſuch as in *Pope* and *Swift* you find
Familiariz'd proud *Berkeley*'s lofty Mind.
His *Diſſertation upon Parties* ſhews
Beyond a Doubt, how much this *St. John* knows.
But Heav'n to a Man a perfect Soul denies,
And tinges with ſome Errors the moſt Wiſe.
What Bleſſings happy *Britons* muſt have known,
Had he been firm, had he true Honour ſhewn?

We had not been the Dupes of *France* and *Spain*,
Cajol'd in Treaties, bullied on the Main:
Britons would then have kept them all in awe,
Baffled their Schemes, and given *Europe* Law:
Inteſtine Factions would have all confeſs'd,
That *Britons* in a *Bollingbroke* were bleſs'd.
Muſt ſuch a Genius to Great *Britain*'s Coſt,
Lye uſeleſs, unemploy'd, entirely loſt?
It muſt (ſince Fate has ſo ordain'd) it muſt,
For one ſo looſe in Honour who can truſt?
Whoe'er wants Courage to be juſt and brave,
Tho' otherwiſe an Angel, is a Slave.

How glorioufly the Miniſter appears!
Faction be dumb! Read, read the *Gazetteers!*
What an immoderate Contempt for Vice!
For ev'ry Virtue what ſtrange Avarice!
Ancient and Modern Hiſtories they rake,
From Art and Nature beſt Materials take,
Cull each Perfection of each Character,
This Conſummate muſt be the M——r.
Thus in Idea form him well they can,
A lovely Picture! Who e'er ſaw the Man;
This moſt excelling Vizier, I adviſe
To be juſt what theſe Scribblers ſay he is,
The ſureſt Way to ſilence Enemies.
Stateſman, with Leave, I would lay down this Rule,
He that commences Knave, commences Fool.
Whoever deals in low Hypocriſies,
Whate'er his Knowledge is, he can't be wiſe.

I'd have a *Premier* ſatisfy'd if clear,
He ſaves a good Ten Thouſand Pounds a Year;
Nor Envy, nor Detraction, nor Cabal
Could reach him, or in *Norfolk*, or *Whitehall*.
If former Fav'rites had no more engroſs'd,
We ſhould have fewer Rivals for the Poſt.
But what will ſatisfy a Stateſman's Pride?
Pow'r Profits, Honour——All we have beſide.
Profits and Poſts be theirs, who have juſt Claim,
Who have at Heart their Country, theirs be Fame.
The Stateſman's Duty ſoon is underſtood,
It all conſiſts in this—Be Wiſe and Good.

View *C*——deep in compremiſing Schemes,
Ambition, Av'rice, have ten Thouſand Whims,
No Crimes like theſe in Hell's black Catalogue,
Contribute half ſo much to make a Rogue:
Mere Appetites Canine, the more they're fed,
The more they ask, the leſs they're nouriſhed.
And what would all this wild Ambition crave?
To be, oh Proſtitution! Premier Slave.
Ambition when by Virtue we reſtrain,
The nobleſt Root Heav'n can Implant in Man;
If not, the Whole it overſpreads and ſpoils,
The rankeſt Weed that thrives in richeſt Soils:
Then Avarice the utmoſt Meanneſs ſhews,
Ev'n Knaves and Fools ſpit at the Covetous.
With *C*— *W*—— plays faſt and looſe,
By Fits their Country, or the Court eſpouſe;

Both whilom for Prerogative how keen!
Now chang'd, for Privilege are Champions ſeen!
As Hopes of dear Preferment ebb or flow,
They're calm, they ſtorm, their Fever's high or low.
Whence can this Whim Unſteadineſs proceed?
Honour unchangeable by Heav'n decreed,
Is ſtill the ſame, howe'er Affairs of State
May ſhift, or this or that way fluctuate.

Our State Empiricks we ſhould all abjure,
Who give deep Wounds, but can't the ſlighteſt cure:
Perfect Buffoons, in ſhallow Cunning ſnug,
Wiſe in unmeaning Nod, unconſcious Shrug:
To Credit loſt, their Truth is all a Lye,
Detected, bluſh not, ſcorn Apology:
Poor, aukward Mimicks of the *French* Caprice,
Quite Bunglers in politick Artifice.
From foreign Realms we copy all that's bad,
And part with thoſe few Virtues that we had.
All Frauds the North, South, Eaſt, and Weſt produce.
In our kind Climate ripen into Uſe.
I—— appears a Man of tip-top Worth,
I—— th' Election-Jobber of the North:
A—— on Rev'rend Sine-cures ſevere,
Has in Lay-poſts Twelve Thouſand Pounds a Year,
Such are our fav'rite Confidents of Kings!
From what hid Cauſes Royal Bounty ſprings?
Such to Kings Favours muſt have vaſt Pretence,
Their Merit Treaſon by Inheritance.
Theſe are profeſs'd Corruption's *Halcyon* Days,
When thus ſupported in all Shapes and Ways,

We ſhall in Speculation quickly ſee
The charming Beauties of fair Liberty.
Fair Liberty enriches every Soil,
Makes Barrenneſs rejoice, and *High-lands* ſmile!
Fair Liberty ſhews all Mankind ſerene,
The Landlord happy, and the Peaſant clean;
The Merchant chearful, and the Soldier brave,
And Man a free-born Subject, not a Slave.

Ye Baskers in the Boſoms of our Kings,
Whoſe Faith, whoſe Honour, are moſt ſlipp'ry things,
Correct yourſelves, from Precedent be wiſe,
View *York* and *Talbot* with aſtoniſh'd Eyes,
Both in high Poſt, both in high Character,
Each ſhines refulgent in his proper Sphere;
Unenvy'd in the exerciſe of Pow'r,
We all agree, who ne'er agreed before.
A finiſh'd Conduct theirs, the ſtrongeſt Senſe,
Genteel Addreſs, and poignant Eloquence;
Juſtice, the Soul of Law and Equity,
Flows bright in ev'ry Sentence and Decree:
Their Judgments clear and calm the ruffled Mind,
They ſee with Reason, are with Justice blind.
To them the leaſt Indignity's too much,
Hard Words are Darts, Frowns too ſevere Reproach.
Who ſerve with Honour, ſhould be us'd with Grace,
Kings to ſuch Subjects wear a chearful Face.
If otherwiſe, we ſee a Court with Grief,
And Men of Honour ſeek a private Life.
There in ſuch Caſe Content can only dwell,
A brilliant Court's more loathſome than a Cell.

Britons, reflect in time, retrieve your State,
Fraud and her Penſioners we muſt defeat:
Let generous Paſſion ev'ry Boſom fill,
We've Men of Honour warm for *Britain* ſtill.
See Fraud aghaſt when *Cheſterfield* debates,
Each Word into her Vitals penetrates;
With proper Satire he the Fiend purſues,
Unravels all her Schemes, howe'er recluſe.
In *Stairs* and *Cobham* all Mankind allow
The *Britiſh* Hero, and firm Patriot glow:
To *Stairs*' Addreſs, high Spirit, and juſt Senſe,
His active Care, his good Intelligence:
To theſe conſpicuous Qualities in him
Some Monarchs owe this Day their Diadem.
Great is his Merit, what is his Reward?
He is, O lovely Gratitude! caſhier'd.
Boyle, a young Lord, diſcover'd early Worth,
With nobleſt Pace a perfect Man ſtept forth:
Orrery's Principles in him we ſee,
His Soul, his Genius, *Boyle*, ſurvive in thee.
Have *Gow'r* or *Litchfield* ever once withdrawn,
Or ſhunn'd Debate, to compliment the Crown?
When Infant Force the knotted Oak ſhall bend,
Lew'ſon ſhall not be known his Contry's Friend;
Then *Craven* ſhall, and *Butler* then divide
For any Queſtion on Corruption's Side.

The Man of Honour, reſolutely juſt,
Nor acts nor moves, but conſcious of his Truſt,
So full of Truth, has ſuch Contempt for Guile,
Each Frown intends a Frown, each Smile a Smile:

His Judgment with a due Reflection fraught,
Has his Ideas to Perfection brought:
Correct in Cenſure, cautious in his Praiſe,
Maturely thinks, and what he thinks he ſays:
Warm without Madneſs, zealous in the Right,
Free, not licentious, keeps each Senſe full bright:
Serene in Calms, by Storms unſhaken ſtill,
Fond of good Offices, averſe to ill:
Ingen'uous, univerſal Good intends,
And has in all his Thoughts the nobleſt Ends:
Above Temptation; jealous of the loud,
And flies the wild Applauſes of the Crowd:
A Patriot-Act would in a Foe commend,
And would condemn Corruption in a Friend:
No Bigot, from all Party-Pique quite free,
To Knaves in Rags or Lace, an Enemy:
Loves *Britain*'s Welfare, and obſerves her Laws,
The Courtier's Torment, Envy, and Applauſe.
Shine out, ye Men of Quality, learn hence
To ſhape your Conduct, and improve your Senſe.
Obſerve, ye Mitred P——, and bluſh to ſee
In one bright Youth ſuch wiſe Simplicity;
His Soul's inſpir'd by Virtue, all his Ways
Are Ways of Pleaſantneſs, his Paths are Peace:
No Fiction this, ye Minions, I aver,
But an exiſting, real Character:
The Muſe had the Original in View,
Forgive, Lord *NOEL*, when ſhe ſays, 'Tis You.

FINIS.

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